Hist.

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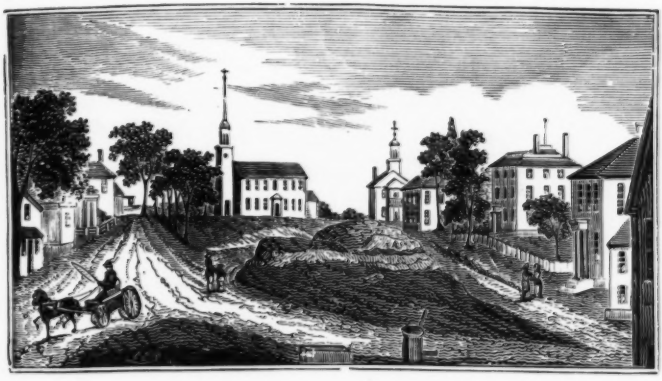
Old-Time New England

THE BULLETIN OF

The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities



Southeast View of Ipswich Green

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141 CAMBRIDGE STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Seventy-two Years ago . . . and Today

ON this Old Secretary, now preserved at the Company's Home Office, was written the first John Hancock Policy, 72 years ago. The first annual report as of January 1, 1864 showed outstanding insurance of $526,950. At present the John Hancock has in force more than three billions four hundred millions of life insurance. The following statement from that first annual report applies as aptly to the Company today as it did in 1864:

"The Directors, in presenting this report, congratulate the members on the success which has attended the Company thus far and its prospects of success in the future. In the management of its affairs they have endeavored to advance the interests of the members by using great care and caution in the acceptance of risks and in the investments of its funds.

"They recommend the Company to those who desire to insure in a sound and reliable institution, managed for the benefit of its members with the utmost economy and prudence."

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Elijah and the Burning Altars

WALL PAINTING IN THE LEARNED-SENIGO HOUSE, WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS, MASS.

Old-Time New England

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The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE ANCIENT BUILDINGS, HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS, DOMESTIC ARTS, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, AND MINOR ANTIQUITIES OF THE NEW ENGLAND PEOPLE

Volume XXV JANUARY, 1935 *Number* 3

Some Old New England Frescoes

By Edward B. Allen

BY the recent removal of wallpaper from the parlor of an old mansion at the top of King Oak hill, Weymouth Heights, Mass., wall paintings, typical of New England a century ago, were brought to light. The scenes are painted with oil colors on the plaster. For many years they had not been seen, although their existence was known to a few of the older generation, one or two having actually seen them before they were papered over a second time. This is their third appearance.

It was owing to these stories about strange old pictures on the walls of this room that Mrs. J. R. Senigo, the present occupant of the house, with the assistance of an artistic relative, was induced to undertake their rediscovery. Owing, however, to their deep, rich colors, which tend to make a shady room darker, they probably will be again covered over.

The house is one of the white neo-Greek type, temple-like structures, with fluted columns supporting a pediment, built between 1825 and 1850, and the pictures are in the parlor, which is the room at the right on entering the house. Each section of the wall has a different picture. The largest and most important is on the left side of the room reaching from the entrance door to the corner, and may be described as follows.

On a high hill of brown ledges and rocks stands a large gray altar. Close to it the prophet Elijah, in white, is kneeling, his arms raised in prayer. Beside the altar stands the king Ahab, in a purple robe and golden crown and behind him a group of people in long robes, doubtless the prophets of Baal or the Grove, while in the foreground two men are slaughtering bullocks and sheep. Red flames and a dense cloud of yellow-brown smoke rise from the altar. A little to the left are four black altars also smoking. Far below on a plain to the right, are many white tents and a host of people watching the ceremonies on the mountain top. To left and right are tall trees, apparently intended for cedar and fig, and many palm trees. The picture represents a monument of great solemnity when, in answer to Elijah's prayer, as a sign of the true God, He sent the fire that burnt up the offerings, the altar, the water and rocks around the altar, as told in I *Kings*, XVIII, 19-24.

"Now therefore send, and gather to me all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty; and the prophets of the groves four hundred, which eat at Jezebel's table. So Ahab sent unto all the children of Israel, and gathered the prophets together unto Mount Carmel. And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word. Then said Elijah unto the people, I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men.

"Let them, therefore, give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under; and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under; And call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord; and the God that answereth by fire let him be God. And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken." So the priests of Baal called on him, but got no answer. Then Elijah called on God, who answered with fire which consumed the offering, the altar, even the stones and water around the altar, as we see in the picture.

Over the fireplace is another Biblical picture, its greenish shadows suggesting night or moonlight. Rising from the bank of a river is a great city from the midst of which rises a high pyramidal temple, like those of old Assyria. Along the river bank are some dark green, weeping-willow trees, on which hang several large golden harps. Nearby a number of women are bowed down with grief. Here the artist's intent is very clear, for the picture represents the captivity in Babylon, as related in the *Psalms*, CXXXVII, 1-6.

Opposite the fireplace, between the windows, is another painting in which Moses, with the elders of Israel, in red and white robes, has just struck the rock causing water to gush forth, that the people, dying of thirst, might drink. *Exodus*, XVII, 6.

The other sections of the room have mediaeval subjects, which help make a most incongruous whole. In one corner rises from a mass of deep green foliage a great gray castle far below which men are peacefully fishing in a small lake. Another corner has red houses of later date, and a large ruined church with tower, the yellowish sky contrasting with the deep green foliage of a forest. Yet another small section of wall shows a thatched cottage in a wood.

As in most instances in New England these frescoes do not show the artist's name, nor the year when they were painted. The house was probably built by Dr. Ebenezer Turrell Learned, about 1845; and according to tradition the frescoes were painted at that time by a friend or relative of the builder. Since then a long succession of physicians have occupied the house; and until a few years ago, the Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Pearson. The house stands in the center of historic ground, on the oldest road in this section. Nearby the first meetinghouse was erected in 1635, later known as the North Meeting House. Within sight of the house it is said that Abigail Adams, mother of John Quincy Adams, was born. The house, having suffered but few changes, is now occupied by Mrs. John R. Senigo. This seems to be the only room in a New England house with so many Biblical scenes upon its walls, thereby indicating the religious fervor of the period when they were painted.

Scene in Babylon

WALL PAINTING IN THE LEARNED-SENIGO HOUSE, WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS, MASS.

Moses Striking the Rock

WALL PAINTING IN THE LEARNED-SENIGO HOUSE
WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS, MASS.

WALL PAINTING IN THE LEARNED-SENIGO HOUSE
WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS, MASS.

WALL PAINTING IN THE LEARNED-SENIGO HOUSE
WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS, MASS.

John Singleton Copley's Houses on Beacon Hill, Boston

IN 1914 The Massachusetts Historical Society published the "Letters and Papers of John Singleton Copley and Henry Pelham," from the originals now in the Public Record Office, London. Copley owned about eleven acres of land on Beacon Hill, Boston, and in 1771 was interested in the development of the property. It occupied the area between what is now Charles, Beacon, Walnut and Mt. Vernon Streets, Louisburg Square and Pinckney Street. The following correspondence between Copley and his half-brother, Henry Pelham, relates to the houses then being constructed on the Copley land and is abstracted from the volume of "Letters and Papers," through the courtesy of the Historical Society.

HENRY PELHAM TO COPLEY

Boston, June 23, 1771.

. . . The Repairs go on very briskly, the upper House will be in motion to Morrow.[1] It is I think the unanimouse Opinion of all your Friends, that the Expence is not at all adequate to the looks, of a hiped Roof upon the upper House. The plan they think is in every other respect perfectly compleat, but the want of that, they look upon, as a very great Omission. Aided by their Advice, I have ventured to give orders for its being done in that manner; as the time would not admitt of consulting you. Mr Lechmere[2] was a few days ago, at your place, he told the workmen that he thought it one of the finest Situations in the Province, and that had he have known of it, he would have bought it at all events; will this please you?

HENRY PELHAM TO COPLEY

Boston, July 7 1771

. . . Ag[r]eable to contract with Mr. Joy I have made the first payment of 100£ L.M. He has got the upper house to its place. You cannot Imagine how much it has improved that side of the Common it draws the attention of most people who all agree in its being one of the pleasantest situated places in the Province.

COPLEY TO HENRY PELHAM

New York, 14 July 1771.

. . . I wish you could sell the House. You say you were advised to put a hipt Roof on the uper House, but you did not say who advised to it that could be depended on. I am glad people like the situation and that the Repairs go on briskly. If it is not two late I should like to Direct how to make the Sashes somthing differant from what is usual with you. This you may let me know next Letter. A pattern of Chinese for the Top of the house I will send you, as I think they excell in that way here. I hope Mr. Joy will be more carefull to do every thing in the best maner than if I was present, that I may find every thing to my sattisfaction. See that he puts studs where the Doors are to be, if wings should be built, and for two Windows in

[1] Copley's house on Mount Vernon Street, the land owned by Copley extending from Joy Street to low water mark.

[2] Richard Lechmere, of Boston, who died in England in 1818, having left Massachusetts with other loyalists.

my great Room. Let there be three Windows in the Side of the Kitchen, beside that in the little Entry. Otherwise it will be Dark. As to Mrs. Dawson I think she imposes on me. You may let her know the Lease is not of my giving, and if she does not like to stay and pay her Rent, she may move out of it directly, for I am accountable for the Rent and must lose it if she dont pay it, and I will not lay out one farthing more farther, nor any one else, and she must pay the money to you. I think there aught to be two Windows in the west side of the Chamber I shall paint in. It will tend much to keep it cool and pleasant when it will be convenient to open them, and I am inclined to think it would be best to put the Windows in the Room below now. It is so much more extended. We might contrive to have 2 Windows north of the Wing and a door into the Wing, if the Wing should be ever added. This I think must be attended to. You know the Wing might extend lengthwise from the house. This would certain give two Windows north of the Wing in the Chamber and Lower Room. We send our Affectionate Duty to our hon'd Mamma Love and congratulation to Mr [and] Mrs Pelham Comp'ts. to Miss Peggy Mr. and Mrs. Green to Mr. Boylston Family and let me know how he is. I would have the Windows put in the north side of my Rooms as above, for should I not add Wings I shall add a peazer when I return, which is much practiced here, and is very beautiful and convenient, and I think it as well to shut up a Window as to cut one out. Therefore put in 2, but for the Door put the studs only. You must think weither it will be best to put the Door next the Chimney or in the Middle.

P.S. Sukey thinks the Kitchen without Windows on the north will be very hot; I think so too. Wish the Clossets could be contrived better. If it will not be too late next Letter I write I will send you my thoughts on it.

Henry Pelham to Copley

Boston, July 28, 1771

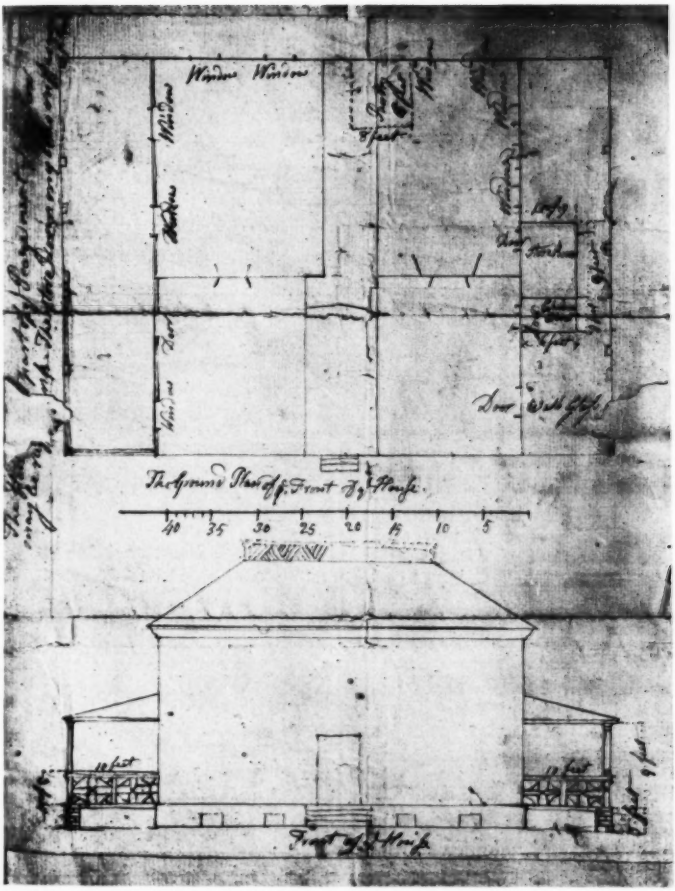
. . . Your Friends that advised to a hiped [roof] were our Hon'd Mamma Mr Clarke, your two Brothers, Messrs. Jack and Isaac Clarke, etc., etc. Some of the Sashes are made. I have stoped those that are not 'till I can receive Directions which must be as soon as convenient. I dont comprehend what you mean by a Peazer.[3] explain that in your next. Don's forgett to send the Pattern of the Chinese.

Copley to Henry Pelham

New York, Augst. 3d, 1771

. . . You say you dont know what I mean by a Peaza. I will tell you than. it is exactly such a thing as the cover over the pump in your Yard, suppose no enclosure for Poultry their, and 3 or 4 Posts aded to support the front of the Roof, a good floor at bottum, and from post to post a Chinese enclosure of about three feet high. these posts are Scantlings of 6 by 4 inches Diameter, the Broad side to the front, with only a little moulding round the top in a plain neat maner. some have Collums but very few, and the top is generally Plasterd; but I think if the top was sealed with neat plained Boards I should like it as well. these Peazas are so cool in Sumer and Winter break off the storms so much that I think I should not be able to like an house without. I hope you will find it not much addition to the Expence to add them as I have drawn them in the Plan. you will

[3] On the transformation in meaning of this word see Albert Matthews in the *Nation*, LXVIII, 416.



Plan of Copley's House

ON MT. VERNON, BEACON HILL, BOSTON
FROM HIS OWN SKETCH IN THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE, LONDON
COURTESY MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

see I have not drawn accurately. the Distanceing of the Post, Windows, etc., I have left to you. you can make them tourn out right. You see I have Drawn the Chinea Clossit Store Room in the east piaza, which containing things the Cold cannot injure, will be better there than in the Kichen, and I suppose not more expencive; and the Pantry I have left in the Kichen a[s] proposed when I was in Boston, Because I can find no other place for it, unless it was put where the Store Room is now, and the store room put out side of that, and the China Clossit as I have dotted in the Plan. the shape will be long but convenient anough and this will make the Pantry warm anough; But you must consult Joy in this. If the Piazas are added I should lik to have one window in the best Parlour, and a Door the top of which shall answer to the Window; but when you shove it up so high as to Clear the head (which it may be by opening a way through the plate above it) the part emidately under it shall open like the Lower half of a Shop Door. if you can contrive better, do. the East Peaza need not be sealled at all, but left rough. the foundations is not continued but only Coins at proper distances. I should have the Roof to pitch from under the Arkitraves of the Chamber Windows hipt every way and as flat as possable. I cannot send you the Chinese pattern yet. see what Mr. Joy will expect for this addition of Peazas, and let [him] know I think it cannot be much becau[se] I would have them done at once, if they wont be Expencive. you need not tell him so; but if £200 Old Tenr[4] would do it you migh[t] conclude upon it without my orders. The floor of the Peazas except that next the Kitchen should be Pitch Pine.

[4] A trifle over £26 sterling.

Copley to Henry Pelham

New York, August 17, 1771

. . . I have not been able to send you the Chineese yet, for I hardly get time to eat my Victuals; but I will send it soon. I forget weither or not there was to be a Clossit in the Keeping Room. if the Clossits are made in the Peaza as proposed in my last Letter so as to be contiguous to the Keeping Room, I would by no means have any by the Chimney. I am likewise determined to have no door into the Kitchen from the Keeping Room. I dined at Mr. Yates's 3 Days ago, where I noticed two such spaces with side boards in them which were very convenient. the Arches were somthing in this maner. I should like to have them left open the same Depth they are now, or if there should be the Clossit in the Peaza, and those Spaces will receive a side board in one and a Table in the other, which will be very convenient.

If Mr. Joy would as leaves wainscott the Lower part of the Painting Room as plaister, which I should think would be as Cheep, I should prefer it. I dont remember weither I did not put an odd number of Posts to the Sketch of the Peaza I sent you; if I did, it was rong and I suppose that you would correct it. the Number should be even, so as to have steps from the Middle which would lead into Fennows Pasture, steps of about seven or eight foot Long somthing in this manner I must have Windows from my great Painting Room into it. those Windows having new fassioned Blinds such as you see in Mr. Clarke's Keeping Room Will keep the Ligh[t] out from that side, and allways occation a Draught of Air. Mind I dont mean to tie you up in any thing; you must contrive the place for Windows, Doors, etc. yourself. I dont know but it would be better to have

John Singleton Copley

PAINTED BY HIMSELF

the Steps at the End of the Peaza than at the side, as the Door from the best Room cannot be opposite to those Steps; in which Case their might be the odd number of Posts in this manner. indeed I think this would be best. however only let me know the expence. if it is not much, as I think it cannot be, I would have the Door and Windows orderd Accordingly, and the Peaza might be built after I return to Boston. . . .

HENRY PELHAM TO COPLEY

Boston, Augst. 25, 1771

. . . The Window Sashes are made much as you would have them, narrow but very deep. I have observed the Windows of several Houses, lately painted, in a manner that I greatly like, and which makes the Glass look much Larger, and the Bars appear very slender. it is by painting the putty, with a dark Colour, nearly approaching to Black. The Glass you propose over the Door, would be very convenient, but I think the venetian Door would be much Handsomer and Pleasanter. Paper Mashe Gilt, Mr Gore[5] makes for thirty shillings O.T. per Yd.; if it is white, half that price; but the Goodness ought to be regarded. I wish you could send a small peice from New York to Compare. I thank you for the lines on Checkley's Picture. The Peaza's which you describe, appear to me, to be very convenient, as well as pleasant. Capt. Joy has given me an Estimate of the expence. it turns out more than you expected, £63 L. M. he says is the lowest he could afford to undertake to do it for. The stuff comes to near 40£. The gold frames shall be forwarded as soon as possable. The Arches at the sides of the Chimnie in the Sitting Room, I like, but there is no determining about the Closetts, without knowing weither the Peazas are to be built or not. I will speak to Capt. Joy about the wainscot in the Painting Room. You putt an odd number of posts, in the Peaza, which was right, as there is four Windows, which makes five Peers. I think upon the whole it would be best to have the steps at the frond End. . . . Agreable to your desire, I inclose a Plan of the House. The Entrance into the great Room, and the Room over it, were objects of great Moment, and what has cost Capt. Joy and my self much Study and attention. The principle Object, we had in View, was to mak[e] the passages not only convenient, but answ[e]rable in Looks, to the noble Rooms, to which they lead. a secondary Pursuit, was to prevent the other parts of the house, being encroached upon and being a thoro'fare to these Rooms. These Objects, I believe, we have accomplished, in the best Manner, the Place was capable off.

I entended to have given you an exact section of the entry and staircase, but Mr. Startin, going sooner than I or even himself expected, I can only send you a rough sketch, drawn by the eye only. You will be able to understand the Plans, with a little attention. take notice, that the Rest of the front Stairs, the rest of the back Stairs, and the passage between the two marked AAA are all upon a leavel. To make the thing as plain as possable, let us take a Walk up stairs. We have now mounted 13 Steps, and are upon the Rest. This you see is Circular, it is so made to avoid having Closetts in the Great Room, the small peice that Comes into the Room Capt Joy says, can easily be hid, by throwing an Arch from the Chimnie to the Partition, which will be Very hansome. This rest being circular, affords as much passage Room as, if it was square, and will more natu-

[5] John Gore, of Boston, painter and merchant.

rally lead us up to the small Rest B, and into the painting Room. I believe, it will look as well, if not better than square; if you have any Objections to this plan, you must let me know them as soon as possable. The upper Room will be about 8 feet 9 inches under the Beam. Your great Room will be a very fine one, 24 feet long, 17.6 feet Wide, and 10 feet high. We discovered the other day, that the Chimney in this Room has no Funnell, one of the foolishest peices of Business that could be, to build a Chimnie without a passage for Smoke.

COPLEY TO HENRY PELHAM

New York, Sepmr. 9th, 1771

. . . I am sorry the House will not be fit to live in this Winter. you had better get the upper one done at all events. I think their is only some Window Shutters and Doors to make, in which you must be as frugal as possable. as to the Cornishing the Rooms (except thos in Joy's estimate) I think it needless to be at the expence of it; only get the neet low prised papers, carry them to the Sealing and with the Border the Rooms will look well. the House we lodge in is so and looks very neet and fit for the firs[t] Gentleman in this City to live in. this you will understand is in respect to the two front Rooms and Chambers. Mr. Joy is by his agreement to Cornis those he makes new. as to the painting you know how your Mamma would have it done. it is for her and I would have you please her in that and everything else. I hope you will soon receive Colours from London and Glass, etc. as to the Chimneys I think if your Mamma is determined to put up the stove, I should think it needless to have Jambstones. plaster painted will look as well and your Mamma will never make fire in the Best room; so plaster will do as well their too, but Connecticut Stone hearths I think will be best. I only menshon these things. you must please our Mamma, but you know my plan is frugallity and this way of finishing the Chimneys accurs as being as good as any and much Cheeper; but if the Stove is not put up, than I think the Keeping Room should have Jambstones. But judge in this matter with prudence yourself. as your Mamma shall not move this Winter you may lay in your own wood, and when we return wee will look out for ourselves and doubt not we shall do well. You must mind what Mr. Joy was to do in his agreement that you don't pay for anything included in that. I should think the Doors that go from the front Rooms and front Chamber must be included in finishing the Entry. this you must take Care of. . . .

I Wonder the Peazas come to so much considering the Plainness of them. I should not conclude did not you want to know on Acct. of the Clossits. you must talk with Joy about the Price of the Posts plain, and so is every thing else indeed. however see. if you can get no abatement I will have them done, and as I sketch's in my Letter 2 or 3 Weeks ago, would have the Chinea Clossit and store Room in the East Peaza leaving a passage from the front to that part that is contiguous to the Kitchen; and what you have Drawn for the Store Room in the Kitchen shall be the Pantry. the Size is good, but only the one Door into the Entrey. than where you have markd a Clossit and Entrey I would have all open to the Kitchen and a very large Window or two of those old one to the north for Air in hot Weither, and I think the Plan compleat. make no Door from the Keeping Room Directly into the Kichen. . . .

HENRY PELHAM TO COPLEY

Boston, Septmr. 10, 1771

. . . Your Works, at Mount Pleasant, go on very Briskly. The upper house is in it's place. It has the Cellars finish'd, the Chimnies built, the Back part erected. The Roof finished entirely. It makes a very noble appearance, and its situation is pleasant beyond Discription, beyond Idea. I could wish the lower house stood three feet higher upon its foundation, This House is also in a fine forward way. The Back is framed, erected and Boarded, Chimnies altered, Roof entirely finished, rough pertitions and rough Ceilings up throughout the House. Captn Joy says, he shall be ready for the Plastering, in about a Fortnight, and that you may come into the House this fall with all safety. I wish the matter of the Peaza's was determined, as some things depend upon them. for instance, if it was determined to have them, the Windows might be placed so far out, at the ends of the House, as to allow Room for the Box casing for the shutters, without lessening the Rooms. It ought to be determined upon, before the House is Clapboarded. The front and one end of the upper house must be new Clapboarded, will you give me directions about it? the Clapboards on the other end are very good. Who is your Glazier? Mr. Gooch has spoke to me, to know if you will give him the jobb, he would be very glad to have it. Mr. Moses Pitcher has likewise applyed to me, he would be much obliged to you for your employ, in the Glazuring, Papering and Plumbing Business's. Mr. Miller would be glad to serve you, in the Papering Way. he desired me to mention it, he says he will work as Cheap and do his Work as well as you can gett it done in Boston. He is at Work at the upper house. Mr. Winter hopes, you will be so kind, as to lett him do what Iron Work you may want. Mr., —— I forgot his name, no matter, would recommend slate as vastly preferable to shingles, and would be proud to serve Mr. Coplin. I dont recollect any Body else, that I have to recommend. Would it not be best to give one good coat of paint, to the Roofs of the Houses? it appears to me as well as to others, that it would be a great benefit, much more than the expence. The Chinese Rail— Did I inform you that you are like to have a fine Crop of Potatos? . . .

In my last Letter, that per Mr. Startin, I gave you a discription of the stair case, since that we have made Considerable Alterations in the Plan, much for the better. The Passages to the two great Rooms will be much more Roomly, and much easier to access. it would be very difficult to describe it in a Plan. I have contrived to have your painting Chamber, very commodious for painting a whole length Picture. This I will discribe by a Plan. The Part of the Room marked A is made considerably higher than the rest of the Room B. This part of the Room A will be made 9 or 9½ feet high, and will be extended 9½ feet from the Great Window. This I think will be ample Room.

Capt. Joy has made the front of the lower House 11 inches higher, which makes it look much better. I had like to have forgot to put you in Mind of the Lime trees, for the continuance of the Walk, from Mr. Handcock's. . . .

COPLEY TO HENRY PELHAM

New York, the 20 of Sepr. 1771

. . . The Works at pleasant Mount go briskly—I am glad of it. The Peazas you have my Mind upon, but I dont propose they shall be built until I return; only the House finishd, so that they may be done

The Copley Family Group, including Mr. Richard Clarke

EXHIBITED AT THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON, MR. COPLEY AMORY, OWNER

when I return; for I think they will be better done under my inspection. The front and one end of the upper House you say must be new Clapboarded. I am willing to have it done, but agree with Joy for every thing. if you don't like the Price, don't get it done. Who is my Glaizer? I shall like Gooch as well as any one, if he does the Work as Cheep. see others first and see how low you can get the Work done: and as to plumbing, that is within Joy's estimate, if by plumbing you mean leads for Windows. I had as leaves Miller should paper as any one, provided he does it as Cheep, but I cannot take notice of all those who desire to be recommended, so I shall leave them and you do Your best. I have no objection to painting the roofs. The Chineese I will send withing a fortnight. I am Glad you have improved the plan. I have been all a long Ancious about the roomlyness of the Passages and am so now about the hight of that which leads to my great Room. I hope you will take care of it, as you may ruin the House by a mistake in that. I like your alteration in my Chamber. . . .

HENRY PELHAM TO COPLEY

Boston, Septmr. 24, 1771

. . . I have talked with Capt Joy about the Peazas. he says that he could not possably do them a farthing under 63£ and at that is affraid he shall not be able to make days Wages. I am drawing an Elivation of the House with the Peazzas. it will (if Possable) have the advantage of the first most Beautiful Plan. The Peazzas extend the Front and by their being open makes it appear higher. Comformable to agreement, Capt. Joy put up a small plain square look out, but it has given such generall Disgust that I was obliged to have it taken down. it is the generall Opinion that there ought to be something taisty atop of the House, or nothing at all. For the present I have directed the Roof to be finished with a scuttle. Severall People have applyed to me to know what you propose to do with the upper House, because they would be glad to hire it. . . .

HENRY PELHAM TO COPLEY

Boston, Octor. 22, 1771

. . . I have endeavoured since you left Boston to be as perticuler as possable in following your Directions; but with regard to the Peazas, I have been obliged to depart a little from your Inclination. Captn. Joy informs me and I believe you will see it yourself, that if it is let alone till the next Season it will cost at least 10£ Lawful if not 10£ sterg. more, and it will be impossable to do the Work so well. If they are not done now the House must be closed Boarded and Clapboarded down to the Foundation and Water Tables put round. The lower Windows must be capped and Cornished. The doors either not cut out, in which Case it will make a great deal of Work, or if they are cut out the[y] must be closed at top and Caped, all which will be thrown away. he says it will not be possable to unite them so well to the House. He further says that he is quite disinterested in it, that he shall be but just able to make days Wages by them, and had much reather (for his own sake) that they had been left out entirely. As the case was so situated, as the time was short, and as by your several Letters I found it was your intention that they should be done some time or other, it left no doubt in my Mind but that you would think it was best to have them done. I have accordingly after the maturest Deliberation and advice given Orders for their being done, hopeing they would meet with your approbation. The

Passage to your great Room is very convenient and worthy of the place it leads to. I don't think the Chinese you sent by Smith is so handsome as Mr. Vassell's. . . .

Your things are arrived from London in 13 Weeks from the departure of the Orders. The Glass is very good by 3 Squares out of 184 Broak, and those will cut 10-8. The White Lead I have not opened. The Box contain's Putty, Brushes, Chalks, etc., has gone down (by the Captns. Mistake) to Salem from whence I expect it every Moment. The Cloths are good. Inclosed is Copy of the Invoice and Letter. Would it not be best to send for some more Paint as 200 lb will not be neer enough to finish both Houses. . . .

P. S. I have just found myself in a great Dillemma. I applyed to several Painters for boyled oyl to paint the outside of the Houses, but to my surprise found that there is none to be had. Mr Gore has but about 30 Gallons, and wont spare a drop of that without I take a proportionable Quantit of Colour. As the Stages are up I have been obliged to bye a hundred lb. of White lead with a proportional quantity of Oil, to carry on the painting. If there is any Linseed Oyl to be had at New York, you had better send a Barrell as soon as possable. Or I think the better way would be to send and bye it at Philedelphia. As this is the time of year that Vessels, come from Philadelphia to Boston, it may be easily done. NB. There will be no Oyle to be had here till the Spring.

COPLEY TO HENRY PELHAM

New York, 6th of Novr, 1771

. . . The Peazas I would not have had done only on this acct, least they should not be done right. But if you are at a loss about any thing Capt. Montresor can and will sett you right with pleasure. one thing obseve, that you make the boards of the floor run across, that is the end of the boards to but against the side of the house and let them have a decent of 4 Inches in 10 foot which is the breadth in the Clear of the Peaza. but there is one thing I should chuse different from what Capt. Montresor would make. he would have the boards of the floor at a small distance from each other, to let any warter run through; but I would have them quite Close and as neat as possable. I have been two much ingaged to send the Chinese but will as soon as possable. . . .

COPLEY TO HENRY PELHAM

New York, Novr. 24, 1771

. . . We had some hopes of living this Winter in the upper house ourselves, but you may let Stutson live there if you please.

HENRY PELHAM TO COPLEY

Boston, Novemr. 28, 1771.

. . . We have been most remarkably Lucky in Weather for carrying on the Works at Mount Pleasant. It has been and still continues very moderate Weather. The lower House was finished plastering yesterday. The upper House will be finished in a few days.

In your great Room, instead of the common manner of finishing with Arches at the side of the Chimnie I have substituted a Couple of Niches, which have a clever effect and are quite uncommon. They are so large as to receive a Figure 4 feet high. . . .

Photographing Lexington, Massachusetts

THE LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS

By Edwin B. Worthen, *Vice President of the Society*

THE farm wagon pulled up at the side of the road; the driver threw a hook around the wheel and then turned to me and said, "Do you know that place?" "That place" was a well drawn sketch of an old house—blue pencil on card-board. No, I didn't recognize it. "Well, it's the home of Jonas Parker" (killed April 19, 1775—a cousin of Captain Parker). I admitted my surprise—that I had always been curious about the house and its location but the old people I had asked about it could tell me nothing. I pressed my old friend for further information. How did he know where it was located and how it had looked? His uncle had lived there and as a boy my driver friend was in and out of the place every day. Thus a little more information was added to our files.

The incident set me to thinking—our Society collected old photographs but what about the changes taking place in this growing town—the old houses being moved or torn down—would we have a record of them? If we were to fulfill our duty as an historical society should we not have a photographic record of Lexington as it is—before more changes took place?

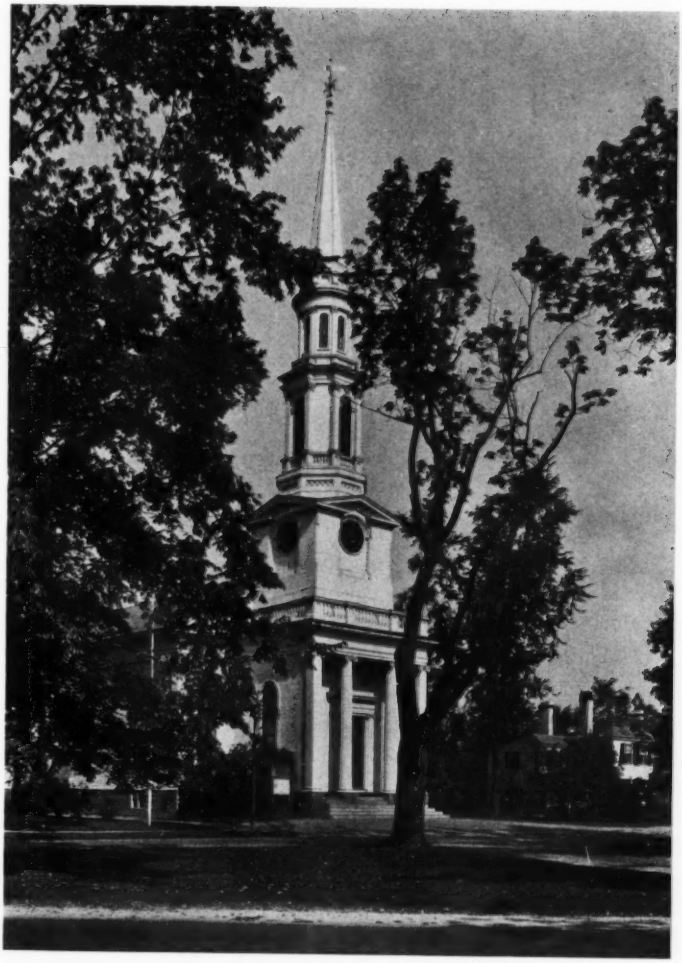
That was some ten years ago and the Society's funds then permitting some action—I proposed to our Council that we have taken a photograph of every house or building of any considerable age—places on the roads liable to an immediate change—and interiors where advisable. The value of the suggestion was appreciated and the undertaking immediately authorized.

We engaged Mr. Burr A. Church of Newton and at his suggestion listed every exterior view, the position from which it was to be photographed and the time of day to take the view. This resulted in a great saving of time.

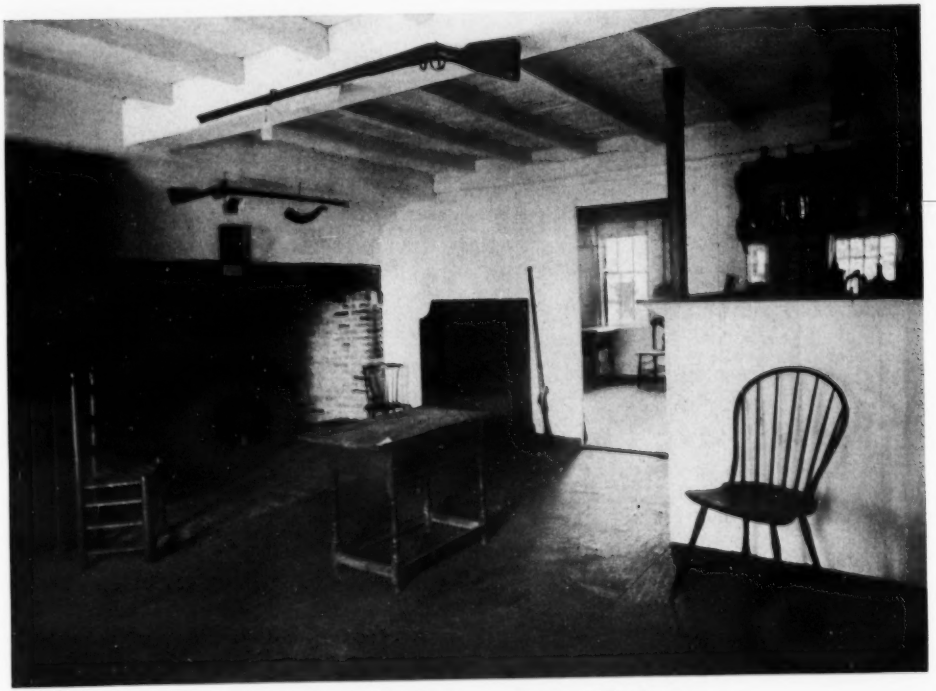
The result is an invaluable collection of 222 photographs of houses, buildings, general views, interiors and specific objects. Everywhere we received the fullest cooperation and now, for all time, we have a real picture of Lexington. The work was undertaken none too soon. The boom of 1925-1929 brought more changes than had taken place in any previous twenty-year period. Already street-widening and building changes have done their part to alter Lexington and a surprising number of our views could not be replaced. We included, of course, the Battle-Green, our own properties, the Hancock-Clarke House, Munroe Tavern, and the Buckman Tavern but a great majority of the photographs are of houses of no historic importance, but some of them have real local significance and some have architectural features worth preserving.

The undertaking has proven to be one of our most satisfactory accomplishments. Sales of prints, up through 1930 were good and as we sold them at a reasonable profit we have received back a considerable portion of our original outlay.

The genuine success of our plan and its great value in years to come more than warranted the original cost and we hope this brief account will lead other historical societies to undertake the same work before the hand of man brings more changes to their communities.



First Church Meeting House, Lexington Common



Tap Room in the Buckman Tavern, Lexington

The Brick Store, Lexington, built 1828

SHOWS ALSO THE STONE BUILDING AND THE FOLLEN CHURCH

Staircase in Hancock-Clarke House, Lexington

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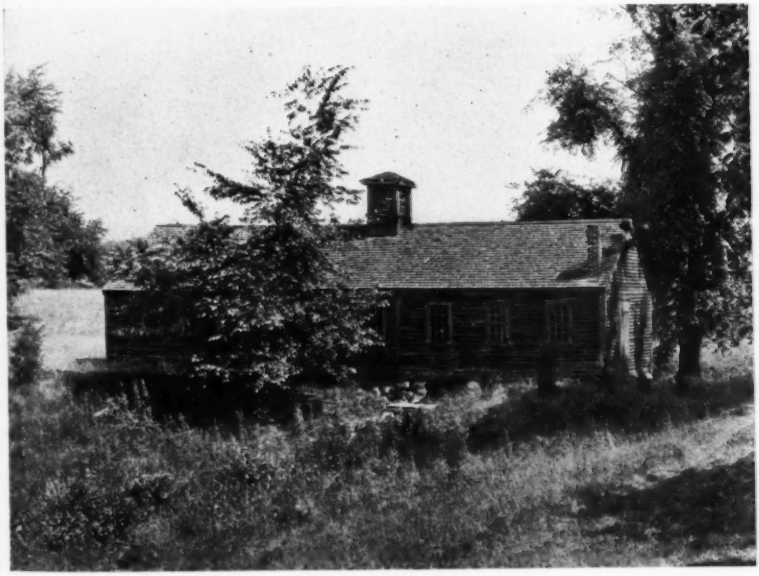
The Robbins House, Lexington, built 1720



Old Mill off North Street, Lexington

The Munroe Tavern, Lexington, built 1695

USED BY EARL PERCY AS HIS HEADQUARTERS AND HOSPITAL, APRIL 19, 1775

Hancock-Clarke Tomb, in Old Cemetery, Lexington

The Dame School

By an Ancient Pupil

A HUNDRED years ago, and even more recently, the education of girls was not considered important. If they could read and write and repeat parts of the Bible and Dr. Watts' hymns, it was a sufficient education for ladies of good family. Of course they should be able to cook and do all household tasks, and most of all must they be able to sew and knit; for the clothing for the family, including shirts for the father (ruffled ones for the Sabbath), and all the household linen, was made by their own fair hands. It was frequently embellished with fine embroidery resembling that made in French convents by the nuns.

The "baby clothes" of that day were made by the "expectant mother" of finest linen and lawn, tucked in "pin tucks" and beautifully embroidered. Such lovely work took hours of labor with hands and eyes—hours which should have been spent out-of-doors in the air and sunshine in suitable preparation for the coming baby. But it was important in the opinion of everyone concerned that the baby should be beautifully clothed, so all girls were taught to do fine sewing, beginning with patch-work and samplers at the age of six or earlier.

There were very few schools for girls in those primitive days, but in many families there were girls, or young women, who, in their own homes, undertook the early training of children. These little groups were called "Dame Schools." Little girls from possibly eight years of age up to their teens were sent to learn readin' writin' and 'rithmitic, and in some cases where the children were ambitious and the Dames sufficiently erudite, a little Latin and French were added. Usually they wrote a good hand and spelled more correctly than some of our modern students. Manners were taught and proper posture according to the custom of the day, which meant sitting erect, rising in the presence of older people, curtseying upon entering or leaving a room, and replying "Yes, marm" or "No, marm" to questions from their elders.

The Dame School I attended at the age of ten was kept by two "elderly" ladies, as I thought. They must have been at least thirty-five, possibly forty, and quite serious in appearance. Miss Sarah, the elder of the two, was not the "Head Mistress." She was gentle in manner and not always present during school hours. She attended, I think, to household duties, for the school was only a part of the establishment. Miss Rebecca, of whom we all stood in awe, was very alarming to me, as I was a timid child and often speechless when questioned, appearing even duller than I really was. Miss Rebecca, clothed in a very plain dark gown, buttoned closely over her ample chest, was erect in her carriage. Dark-brown kid gloves (carefully mended with white thread) covered her large well-shaped hands to protect them from the dust of the schoolroom, not from germs, of which obnoxious little creatures Miss Rebecca had never heard. Her large, somewhat "poppy" eyes, very wide open, seemed to see right through our empty little heads and to suspect the worst. Of course I was terror-stricken when I first beheld the

formidable Miss Rebecca and I never fully recovered from the fright. Some of the more courageous and somewhat older girls (I was one of the youngest) were quite composed and appeared not to tremble before this all-knowing, all-seeing being.

One fine October day, A.D. 1863, my father and I walked a pleasant mile or so from our home in Roxbury to the rather fine old house, of the last century, known as "Miss Bradford's School." I was left at the door to enter alone. It was an exciting moment! I was kindly welcomed by Miss Sarah and told where to put my hat and coat. Then the door was opened into a room of fine proportions (a little shabby, perhaps) and with no aspect of a schoolroom.

In this schoolroom which I now entered everything was new to me. It was homelike and pleasant, with its large sunny recessed windows, with plants upon the broad window-seats, geraniums and others from which we later studied the elements of botany. In the middle of the room was a large table (the family dining-table) around which the pupils sat for writing, mathematics and other lessons requiring a table, for there were no desks. Miss Sarah called a little girl, by name Susie, to take charge of this new pupil. Susie (who from that hour became my life-long friend) left her seat and came to meet me with a cordial smile, showing very white teeth. She led me to one of the little chairs (of which there were a dozen or so ranged against the wall) and directed me to hang my school bag upon the back of it. This bag was made of cotton print or gingham, and contained my school outfit—a Bible, the "Age of Fable" (an ancient collection of poems and prose stories from Greek mythology), a slate and pencil, an arithmetic, a primer with lessons in reading and spelling, and, last but by no means of least importance, my sewing-apron; for sewing was carefully taught for an hour every morning.

This apron, made of white dimity, was a combination bag and apron to protect my dress. The apron was turned up at the bottom to form the bag. The bag contained my sewing and the necessary implements—emery bag, thimble, white thread of the proper quality for the work in hand, and one needle. A child was allowed but one. That one was carried to and from school every day lest it get lost or broken in the schoolroom, with direful consequences. It was possible to keep track of *one* needle, but if lost, it *must* be found. The loss of a needle, or neglect to bring it to school each morning, was a serious misdemeanor, as it involved waste of time. The needle was not supplied by Miss Rebecca. Occasionally the search for a carelessly dropped needle would occupy a large part of the morning hour usually devoted to sewing. The little culprit, blinded by tears, would at last find it directly "under her nose" on the floor.

One baneful day my friend Susie forgot to bring her needle. Usually this unpardonable forgetfulness was confessed with tears which flowed plentifully before Miss Rebecca's severely reproachful gaze. But Susie was a resourceful child. She succeeded in securing a pin with which she had every appearance of sewing industriously and escaped Miss Rebecca's "eagle eye" through the entire sewing period. Luckily for the delinquent Susie some other child was in difficulty requiring attention, which diverted our observing mistress and Susie escaped observation. We had many a laugh over this escapade, but I think this particular lapse from "the straight and narrow path" was never repeated.

A little girl appeared one day at school with her hair in curls. This was an unprecedented display of vanity. It caused Miss Rebecca's face to assume an expression of pained surprise and displeasure we had rarely seen. Without a word she arose from her chair, crossed the room with slow, dignified tread, took little Edith by the hand and gently led her from the room. A hush fell upon the entire class as with eyes of alarm they followed this movement. She was already in tears, although not a word had been spoken, for a glance from Miss Rebecca's steel-blue eyes could draw tears from all but the most hardened sinner among us.

The little victim was led away and, to our dismay, upstairs to that chaste bedroom above, whence our little fellow-pupil might or might not return, with or without hair.

After an interminable interval, she descended, still led sorrowfully by Miss Rebecca. Little Edith was not shorn like the priest in "the House that Jack built," but every curl had been soaked out and her damp locks hung lankly down her back. Although there was certainly an opportunity, I do not remember that a severe cold in the head resulted. Possibly the extreme mortification of the flesh (or the hair) produced a favorable reaction.

I have not yet said anything about our lessons at the Dame School. The school session began at nine A.M. The children, seated in their chairs with their Bibles in their hands, were told the chapter and verse, then began to read in turn verse by verse around the class.

After this we took our sewing bags, which we had tied around our waists, and began to sew. Miss Rebecca selected one of our number to read meanwhile from the "Age of Fable," or perhaps to recite a poem. If each pupil had her needle and began at once to sew, all went well, with the occasional interruption of someone taking her work to Miss Rebecca for inspection. If found satisfactory, then she returned to her seat and proceeded with her task. If a stitch were not quite even, then several had to be picked out, done over and shown again till the result met with approval. This method was slow and laborious, but we learned to sew—an accomplishment not too common nowadays.

After the sewing-hour came the usual school lessons, all required to be *word perfect* and recited in turn. On certain days French was substituted for arithmetic.

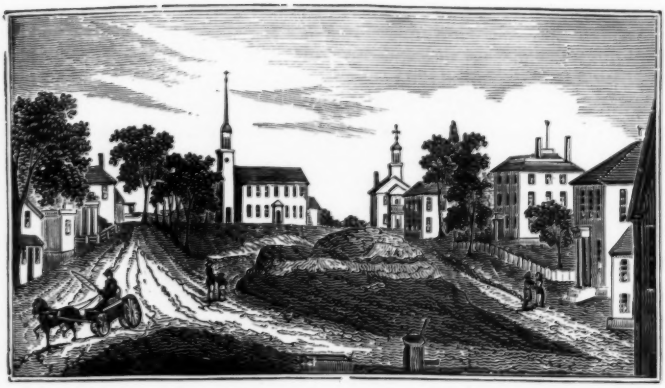
Our first French book was a little primer, "La Bagatelle," long since out of print, I think, for when one of the older girls had finished the primer she was asked to leave it for the use of the next beginner as no more could be obtained. "La Bagatelle" was, I presume, the book from which Miss Rebecca had taught the first lessons in French from the time of the opening of the school, I cannot say how many years ago. I still treasure a small shabby dog-eared copy, although it recalls some tearful moments; for it also brings to my memory the pleasant old schoolroom, my schoolmates seated in orderly array around the room, and the respected, dignified figure of our mistress, typical of her day and generation.

I think I shall never forget the little sentences I with difficulty acquired, "Où est la chatte?" "Qu'avez-vous là, Sophie?"—which were my first introduction to the French language. They seemed impossible to me when pronounced by the facile tongue of my mistress.

I have no very sentimental recollections of this old school. There were perhaps more tears than smiles in our schoolroom, still I think we were not on the

whole unhappy. Children of that day were not pampered and our little sins were regarded rather seriously according to twentieth century ideas; but we did not expect too tender consideration of our feelings and were somewhat hardened to the text: "Children should be seen and not heard."

A few weeks after the vacation began, my mother received a polite note announcing that the Misses Bradford would not reopen their school in the fall. I was alarmed by this formal communication, as I did not at once understand its purport, so thought I had been expelled from the school for some crime, of which I was at the time ignorant. This error on my part, however, was finally explained and the following September I very happily entered a school of quite a different type.



Southeast View of Ipswich Green

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL WOODBLOCK ENGRAVED FOR "BARBER'S HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS," IN 1838

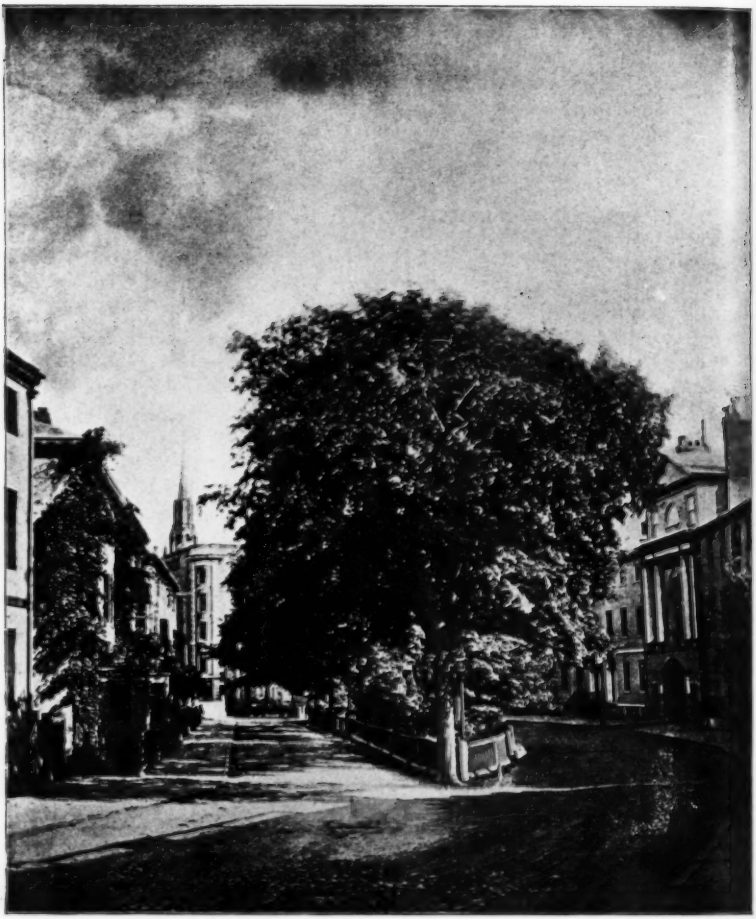
Notes and Gleanings

THE OLD PEDLER'S CART. A friendly correspondent recalls to me the old-fashioned tin-pedler as a fading memory—possibly still traveling up and down the macadam roadways, but by and large—becoming extinct.

I have wondered if it is not, perhaps, a distinct service to preserve memories of these old-fashioned things. As the days come and go, it does seem as though there come more frequent responses from readers along the line of those things that seem to recall the quainter features of that simpler New England life, such as occasional letters, frequent passing comment. It is as though recollection stirred deeper sympathies and the finer instincts of those who love to recall the days that are gone. Perhaps if someone who has the faculty, were to write a book on old Maine habits, customs, social life, dress, peculiarities and penchants, it might in some day be of value to historians and even to scholars.

I seem to remember swift-flying feet from the dusty road and the voice of a brother shouting, "The Pedler's here!" And to see through the leafy barrage of the apple trees the red sheen of the pedler's cart drawn up before our old back door. To those who dwelt far in the country, the dust of the pedler's cart was never unwelcome as his slow-shuffling old gray horse—it seems always to have been gray—came our way. It was a terrible disappointment if we boys were away fishing, or after the cows, or at the swimmin' hole, when the pedler came. He had Jonathan Crookes knives, for instance, and although we had small chance of getting one, it was a pleasure to see one. He had drawers that pulled out of the back of his cart that had treasures far beyond the dreams of avarice. He had a silent way of indifference about him that never seemed to sit well on a person acquainted with such ineffables.

The old tin pedler's cart was always about the same in appearance; high over the horse; seat perched well up in the air; top covered with barrels and pails perched on stakes; bait for the horse; bundles of rags and barter from the house-wife; butter kits; firkins; and for the rest a smooth, well-enclosed vehicle almost always painted red. Just beneath the seat was the name of the pedler (sometimes—not always) and usually these mystic letters, "Licensed by C.C." —what it meant, a mystery to me now as then—but variously interpreted, until at last we came to consider it a special fact to be aired among boys; to be mentioned as a show of information and to be hollered out behind the cart as it went along the way. The pedler has a very slow method of trade. Mother always came out and stood under the apple-tree with her apron up under her arms and in summer little beads of sweat on her chin—very anxious to have her tussle at trade and barter with the pedler. Mother was a very shrewd buyer—so we thought. How she would haggle and debate with the pedler. Didn't she give him some good ones! How we would chuckle and roll on the grass and shout as she talked back to him and told him how high his prices were and what a cheat he was. The pedler would unlock the side of the animal that he called a cart, but which we thought more wonderful than the wooden horse that captured Troy and that we knew about in our school books. The insides of the creature fairly shone with tin pans and pots and kettles and



Franklin Street, Boston, about 1855

SHOWING AT THE RIGHT THE TONTINE CRESCENT DESIGNED BY CHARLES BULFINCH AND BUILT IN 1793. THE SPIRE OF THE FEDERAL STREET MEETING HOUSE APPEARS AT THE LEFT

brooms and crocks and pails and churn-dashers and wooden butter bowls and butter stamps and strainers and mortars and pestles and coffee-grinders and tea-pots and glass ware and well—what was there not? Never was such glistening tin-ware; it does not shine so dazzlingly, nowadays.

And then he would go around to the back of the cart and open up the back doors and begin to pull out little drawers in the contraption—such stores of essential domesticities! Thread and needles; pins and hair-pins; hanks of linen thread —cutlery, jack-knives—oh, dear! It is like a dream—all of it, out there with mother, a regular spendthrift of egg-money and the savings of the meagre cash that came to her hand. Such eggs as she would pass over to the pedler in barter! Such butter as she would lovingly pack into the pedler's bucket for him to sell at the village store, whither he was traveling. Eggs that now are worth their weight in gold; butter that, in our house, had the sweetness of the clover and the fragrance of the honey of the honey-comb.

Under the apple-trees with the bees a-humming and the branches swaying and the old horse with loosened head-stall cropping the lush greensward of the old dooryard; only a picture out of the past! The pedler has gone. The old farm has gone. The old folks are gone. What remains! Only the memories that are sacred! Nothing whatever left to us, save the hope that the picture may be flashed on the screen again, elsewhere! with the pedler's nag cropping the pastures of the Asphodel; mother again in the foreground with apron in her folded arms, and the visualization as permanent as the eternities themselves! — Reprinted from *Jack-in-the-Pulpit*, by Arthur G. Staples, Lewiston, 1921.

THE STAGE COACH by William Biglow. (Reprinted from *Sawney, Redivivus et Restauratus*, No. 1. Boston, 1816.)

. . . 'Twas now that hour, when darkness deep
Buried the world in silent sleep,
Supine I lay, and blissful dreams
Had finish'd all my hopes and schemes,
In Auburn's heaven-befriended town
Peaceful for life had fix'd me down;
Indulgent Heaven had kindly lent
A competency and content;
Just had I sworn my life should be
Sacred to friendship, love, and thee
That is to say, 'twas three o'clock,
When at my chamber door a knock,
That mock'd a clap of rattling thunder,
Burst Morpheus' grateful bands asunder,
And with the rapid lightning's rage,
Hurl'd me, half craz'd, into the stage.
There, squeez'd amid a silent throng,
Of rich, and poor, and old, and young,
We soon drove off that peaceful plain,
Where Mira and the virtues reign.
Now we move through forest drear,
Not a sound salutes the ear,
Save the rumbling carriage wheel,
Save the plaintive whippoorwill,
Save the distant housedog's howl,
And the hollow hooting owl.
Soon morn with smiling face came on,
Held forth her blazing torch, the sun,
Which lighted me to lay before ye,
Of passengers an inventory;
Namely, a dame, in weight a ton,
Another with an infant son,
A rural nymph, in homespun neat,
With these fill'd up the hindmost seat.
An antient maiden, prim and short,
A beau quack doctor, just the sort,
A jovial priest with lungs of Stentor,
And Mr. I fill'd up the center.
In politics a blustering diver
Sat forward to dispute with driver.

And day advanc'd, "our tongues were loos'd,"
And various chat our minds amus'd;
Till tavern found us full of glee,
As Paul at sight of friends and three.
Behold us round the festive board,
With tough beef steak and butter stor'd;
See ruddy Ruth bring in her toast;
See cider pitcher, brought by host;
While hostess round with coffee serves,
Too weak by far to hurt the nerves;
While many a merry jest goes round,
And bursting laughter shakes the ground.
Now the landlord's bill is paid,
Mount the stage, both man and maid,
East sets up a merry giggle,
Huddle in all higgle piggle.
Loud the driver smacks the whip,
And the frighted horses skip;
Swift the clattering carriage bounds,
Over rocks and rising grounds;
Pleasure beams in every eye,
Song and laughter reach the sky.
Not a moment's stay is made,
Save some budget to unlade,
Save for Bacchus to bewine us,
Fellow traveller leave or join us,
Or our tatter'd tackling tie,
Till a signpost meets the eye,
And the tavern's welcome dome
Bids us make ourselves at home.
Here our drink and talk are various,
Brandy strong, and punch nectareous,
Shatter'd stage, and coach and six,
Wit, and war, and politics;
Till dinner our attention draws
To better work for hungry jaws.
Huge Indian pudding on vast platter,
Whose very sight makes Yankies fatter;
Potatoes on the dish high pil'd,
At which St. Patrick might have smil'd;
English roast beef, so stout, so fat,
Even Bache would change to Aristocrat;
With cider in a copious flood,
Compos'd a treat, so plain, so good,
Temperance and luxury might mate,
And feast together on one plate.
Thus dinner done, and light each heart,
Again in joyful mood we start,
Prepar'd with drink, of noise creative,
To astonish many a rural native.
But blazing Sol soon stopt our courses,
Melted our courage, and our horses,
And left us, as he hasted down,
To creep like cumbrous snails to town.
As to their journey's end time brought 'em,
Companions dropp'd, "like leaves in autumn,"
And evening, clad in dismal black,
Found but the priest, myself and quack.
A solemn stillness round us hung;
Sunk was each heart, and mute each tongue;
Fell hypo seized me; in that hour
I curst ambition's mighty power,
Which led me from each former scene,
The poplar grove, the level green,
The rural sports from danger free,
And happy hours, I past with thee.
Forward I look'd from views, so fair,
To city smoke, and toil, and care;
School-keeping saw, depress'd with scorn,
Saw prose, poor, ragged and forlorn,
Saw poetry's dread ills assail,
The garret mean and gloomy jail,
Till horrid din at once amazes,
Of coaches, handcarts, trucks, and chaises,
Awakes me from my reverie,
And from my carriage sets me free.
Again refresh'd in noisy tavern,
I crawl to bed in tomblike cavern,
Where wearied travellers without number,
Enjoy the sweets of deathlike slumber,
And insects multiform appear,
Too shocking for a lady's ear.
Thus, while this seems death's gloomiest hive,
I am most "tremblingly alive." . . .

NOTE. William Biglow (1773-1844), Harvard College, 1794, a schoolmaster in Salem and Natick and master of the Boston Latin School, was the author of several text books and wrote for a number of periodicals. In 1796 he was editing the *Village Messenger* of Amherst, N. H. Only one number of *Sawney*, seems to have been published, "Sawney" having been his nickname while at college. At one time he taught a village school in Maine and the foregoing poem probably was written about that time as it seems to describe a journey from Auburn to Boston.

EXPENCES OF THE WEDDING OUTFIT of Sarah Williams Barrett (1798-1864), daughter of John and Martha (Dickinson) Barrett of Northfield, Mass., afterwards Mrs. Thomas Shepard, May 8, 1821.

Wardrobe Expences

6½ yd Calico at 28	$1.80
1 Ivory Comb	.25
6½ yd Calico at 28	1.82
1½ yd. Muslins at 80	1.20
Gloves 33, Brush 12, Thimble 50	.95
2½ yds & ⅜ yd of Dimity at 4/3	1.87
1 yd of Cambrick 2/9 1½ yd. Muslin at 3/4	1.16
2 pair of Scisors 4/ 5 doz. buttons 63 Box & Cotton 29	1.59
4 pr. Gloves 1.69 6 yd Dimity at 52, 1 Handkerchief 5/3	6.48
1½ yd Synehaw 6/, 2 Silk Handkerchief at 1.00 6 yd. Gingham 2/3	5.75
⅛ yd Silk Velvet at 18/, 1½ yd Ribbon 10 cts. 6 yd. Gingham 2/6	3.03
½ piece Nankin Crape, 9.00, 7 yd India Levantine 9/	17.19
3 pr. Worsted Hose 2.67 1 Crepe Shawl 48/	10.67
6 yd Ribbon 75, Comb 17, Green Bonnet 2.33	3.25
Louisa's Stage Fare	3.00
3⅜ yd. Black Bombasett 40 cts. ¾ yd do. 30	2.55
Boots & Shoes 5.37 Thread & tape do. 2.78	8.15
Flannel 2.79. Lawn 1.60, Ribbon 50	4.87
1½ yd Corded Muslin 1.12 Tooth Brush & paper 32	1.44
Ferriage, 20, Transportage, 50, Hay seed, 10.00	10.70
Silk & c, 55, Coloring silk, 87½, Bandbox 25	1.67½
Charity 2.00 Paper, 16 To Mr. Callender 10.00	12.16
Taxes 4.91	4.91
	106.45

Furniture Expences

	Dol Cts
Brewers Bill Sheeting	17.67
Ballards Bill	53.25
Browns do	5.50
Russells do Sheeting	12.62½
Appletons do 6.12 Brushes 1.12	7.24
Tuckerman Tablecloths	7.00
Babcocks Blankets	10.75
Whitney & Haskell Furniture	8.06
Doggetts Looking glass	20.00
Jones Bill	25.27
Whitney & Haskell Furniture	8.37
Beals Bill Cabinet Work	35.33
Barnards Bill Transportation	20.00
Pomeroy Bill Bedticking	5.72
Hunts Bill Cabinet Work	62.45
Hay & Atkins Crockery	40.90
Ripley Bill Coffee Pot & Cotton Matting	3.67
Brass Candlesticks & Lamps	3.50
Pine table	2.50
Tin Oven	3.50
Blakes Bill Work Table	7.00
Painting chairs and Paints	2.50
Toast Iron	.33
Work at Sewing	6.67
Bedcord	.50
Varnish 62 Travelling Expences to Boston 12.62	13.24
	$383.64½

Furniture purchased of my Mother

Five Feather Beds	$86.00
Two Looking glasses	15.00
Six Cherry Chairs 1.00 per chair	6.00
One Stuffed Chair	1.25
Six Kitchen Chairs 2/6	2.50
One Mahogany Table	3.00
One Cherry 4 ft. Table	4.00
One Cherry 3 ft Table	1.75
One Cherry Bureau	7.00
Two setts of Knives & Forks	2.00
One Trunk	2.00
A chest	1.25
One pair of Iron Handirons	1.50
Two Cannisters	.75
Two stone Potts	1.00

Four Jugs at 37 cts	1.48
Large Brass Kettle	7.50
Three Pairs of Flannel Sheets	3.50
One Pair of Rose Blankets	3.00
Three striped Blankets	3.00
Five Blankets	4.50
Flannel for Sheets	5.00
One Woollen Bedquilt	3.25
Table Linnen	5.50
Iron Ware	1.50
Four Silver Table Spoones	8.75
One Dozen Silver Tea Spoones	7.50
Counterpin	2.00
One Field Bedstead	8.00
Two Small Bedsteads	4.00
One Pair of Decanters	1.33
Twenty five yd. Table Linnen 12 yd at 15 & 13 yd at 30	5.70
Cross Cut Saw	3.50
Old China Cups & Saucers, Bowl etc	1.17
One half Dozen 2nd sized plates at 66 cts	.99
One Dozen 7 inch Muffins	.58
One Doz. Coffee Cups 7 Saucers	1.25
Trunk	1.00
One pint Bowl	.16
One Pair of Sugar Tongues	2.00
Knife Basket	.12½
Six Armed Chairs at 67 cts	4.02
	$225.30½

—Contributed by Miss Alice M. Burr.

NEWSPAPERS. To be sold at the Post-Office in Boston: The Monthly Mercury's at 12 Pence a piece, London Gazetts, Flying Posts, Observators, Post Man and Post Boys, at Two pence a piece, either in Setts by the year or single; So that any Person in Town or Country, in this or the Neighbouring Provinces, may have the same agreeing with John Campbell Post Master for all, or any of the same.—*Boston News-Letter*, Nov. 19-26, 1705.

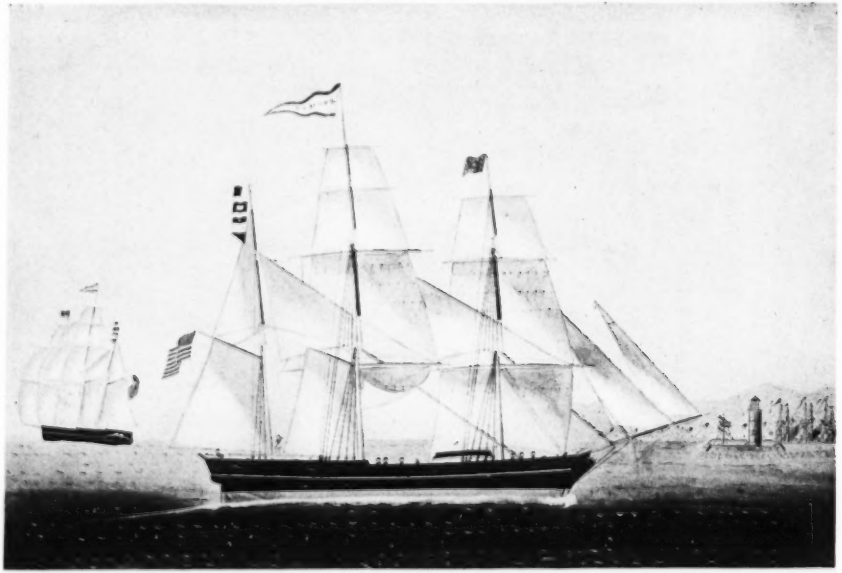
NEWSPAPERS. London Gazetts and Postmen since the first of August last, to be Sold at the Post-Office in Boston, for Two Pence a Gazett or Postman, and to those that take the Intire Months together at three Half Pence a Piece.—*Boston News-Letter*, July 25-Aug. 1, 1715.

SALT PONDS. To be Sold on reasonable Terms, The Salt Ponds on Boston-Neck, with the Land and Appurtenances thereto belonging; on half part thereof by Samuel Gibbon, the other half-part thereof by Hannah Gibbon and Jacob Sheafe, Administrators on the Estate of Mr. Henry Gibbon late of Boston, Shop Keeper, deceased.—*Boston News-Letter*, Aug. 29, 1745.

BOARDING SCHOOL. Mistris Mary Turfrey at the South End of Boston, Intends to board Young Gentlewomen; If any Gentlemen desires their Daughters should be under her Education; They may please to agree with her on Terms.—*Boston News-Letter*, Sept. 2-9, 1706.

SCHOOL. At the House of Mr. *George Brownwell* in Wings-Lane, Boston, is Taught, Writing, Cypering, Dancing, Treble Violin, Flute, Spinnet, &c., Also English and French Quilting, Imbroidery, Florishing, Plain Work, marking in Several Sorts of Stitches and several other works, where Scholars may board.—*Boston News-Letter*, Feb. 23-Mar. 2, 1712/13.

BOARDING SCHOOL. At the House of Mr. James Ives, formerly call'd the Bowling Green House in Cambridge Street, Boston, is now set up a Boarding School, where will be carefully Taught, Flourishing, Embroidery, and all Sorts of Needle-Work, also Filigrew, Painting upon Glass, Writing, Arithmetick, and Singing Psalm Tunes.—*Boston News-Letter*, Apr. 12-19, 1714.



Bark "Prompt" of Boston

197 TONS, BUILT AT WEYMOUTH IN 1841

DANCING MASTER. This is to acquaint all Gentlemen and others, that Edward Enstone, Dancing Master is removed to a Large House in King Street, Boston, where young Ladies may be Accomodated with Boarding, and Taught all sorts of Needle-work with Musick and Dancing, etc. N.B. Dancing Days are Monday, Thursday and Saturday in the afternoons. Thursdays being publick for all Gentlemen and Ladies that please to come and see the Performance.—*Boston Gazette*, Sept. 12-19, 1720.

COOKING SCHOOL. In the House where Col. Dyer lately lived in Boston, there now dwells a Gentlewoman that Teacheth all sorts of fine Paistery, and will open a School this day where constant Attendance will be given to Young Gentlewomen, and others who may be desirous to learn.—*Boston Gazette*, Apr. 3/10, 1727.

DANCING SCHOOL. Whereas Enquiry hath been made by several Persons, concerning the Opening of the Dancing School in King-Street, in Order for Publick Dancings as formerly; These are therefore to inform all Gentlemen and others, That for the future there will be no more such Meetings on Thursdays. — *Boston Gazette*, Feb. 10/17, 1728/9.

DANCING SCHOOL. "Passing by the Town-House on Saturday the 11th of this Month, a piece of Paper was slipt into my Hand, giving notice of an Entertainment of Musick and Dancing, (call'd by the fashionable name of an Assembly) to be held at Mr. Pelham's Dancing School on the Thursday following, &c. which Entertainment, as I am inform'd is to be repeated Monthly, for the benefit of Gentlemen and Ladies. I could not read this Advertisement without being startled and concern'd at the Birth of so formidable a Monster in this part of the World; and I began to consider what could give encouragement to so Licentious and Expensive a Divertion, in a Town famous for its Decency and Good Order, and at a Time when Poverty is coming upon us like an armed Man; when our Trade is Daily Decreasing, and our Debts and Poor Multiplying upon us. [The contributor continues with observations on the need for virtue and economy and the ill effects of Assemblies.] And they are Mischiefs which demand a General Remedy, by the interposition of Public Authority; For what single Person, tho' ever so Prudent or Stone-hearted, durst deny a beloved Wife, or favorite Daughter, the Liberty of a Pleasure indulged to all their Neighbours and Acquaintance? And if Madam & Miss are not suffered to shake their Heels Abroad, they will make the House & Family shake at Home." — *Boston News-Letter*, Nov. 9/16, 1732.

SCHOOL BOOKS. Stolen out of the School-house in Dorchester, on Wednesday Night the 2d of January Instant, the following Books, viz. two English Bibles, one new the other old, Cole's Latin Dictionary, Erasmus, Castalio's Sacred Dialogues in Latin, Bayley's English Exercise, two new Arithmeticks; The Latin Books had Thomas Jones written in the beginning. . . . Reward 40 shillings.—*Boston News-Letter*, Jan. 3-10, 1733/4.